

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

A BIG FAMILY TO CARE FOR, L.Cook Fred Brown



THE wireless has broken down again at 72 Selsdon Road, Upton Park, E.13, and we can't say that we were very surprised when we heard that a submariner had been playing around with it on his last leave. Yes, we do mean you, Leading Cook Fred Brown. Your wife suggested that we should gently hint to you that it might be better to leave jobs like that to someone who knows more about them. She thought you might like to stick to gardening next time you're home. Young Diane, although only three years old, is quite a grown-up young lady now, and is looking after a large family of dolls. It looked

very much to us as though you will have to help her to put them to bed next time you see her.

All your family have completely recovered from the effects of Christmas and are enjoying good health, and we are sure they would wish to join your wife and Diane in sending greetings to you, Fred.

"Good Morning" photographer "Fuse" Wilson told us that Diane makes a lovely picture. We agreed, and gave her a place all to herself on the back page.

Turn over, Fred, and see what you think of your daughter as a camera study.

No. 25 in Gay Mood L.Radio Mech. Brian Smith

THERE was great excitement in your home at 25 Lightburne Avenue, St. Annes, Leading Radio Mechanic Brian "Bill" Smith, for we visited your family on the eve of Pat's wedding.

Most of the family were there—or were expected later—but, unfortunately, we didn't have a chance of seeing your sister and her future husband, so we left our very best wishes and a "good luck" message from you, too.

Everyone was in a gay mood, and your father particularly seemed very excited. He wants you to know that all is well at home. We had a long chat with him, interrupted occasionally by either little Rosalind or Binkie. Your father is still travelling around the country, and business is quite brisk.

One member of the household misses you so very much, Bill, but never says a word about it. Yes, Binkie doesn't like you being away, for who else will take him for a walk?

Little Rosalind told us—very coyly—her name, how old she was, and that "Auntie Pat is getting married in the morning and I'm going to be there."

Your mother was dashing about the house, popping into the lounge occasionally to join in the conversation. "I've got a hundred and one things to do before to-morrow and I just can't see how I'm going to get through them all," she told us. Ah well, mothers will for ever be the same when their daughters are to be married!

Your pal Derek is still in England, and we hear he is very happy and fit.

You've got good reasons for a celebration now, Bill, when you can manage it, so keep cheerful, and the very best of everything from all your family.

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER Turf's War-time Troubles Will Last for Years

THE changed outlook in the war situation is bound to have its repercussions in the world of sport. Racing is particularly affected, and it is now fairly certain that flat-racing in 1945 will have to be carried on in the severely restricted way it has gone for the past five years.

The view was held by the sporting cronies of The Jolly Roger that most of the rash owners, who vied with each other in sending up the prices of bloodstock to record figures at the autumn sales are now feeling a trifle sorry for themselves.

They were the super-optimists who had assumed that the war was all over bar the shouting.

"If the sales had been deferred to the present time," said the Guv'nor, "you can bet that nothing like those high prices would have been reached. It will certainly be another two years before racing can be held on a full peacetime basis, and it may well run to three years before the full programme can be carried out. In the meantime the horses will be eating their heads off and earning nothing in the vast majority of instances."

"I can't say that I shall shed any tears over the people who have hit up the prices to such fantastic figures," said Bernard. "I daresay many of them are war-profiteers, and they are no good to anybody."

"With taxation in its present state few people go to big sums of money just to indulge in the pleasure of owning a few problematical winners."

"There is the possibility," suggested the Guv'nor, "that high taxation may have had something to do with the keen bidding, and consequent high prices."

"How do you make that out?" asked Bernard.

"Just this," answered the Guv'nor, "that winnings are at least clear of tax, and that is certainly some consideration to the man who is paying at the rate of 19s. 6d. in the pound. But very few owners can show a profit on a season's racing. To the vast majority it is a most expensive sport, and one that calls for a big bank balance."

"True, for the lucky individual who can head the list of winning owners, the game can show a handsome profit, but for every owner who can

make the sport pay there must be a hundred who find it very expensive.

"After all, the professionals have to make a living. The racecourse companies take a nice chunk out of the profits, trainers have to live and the same applies to the jockeys, stable lads and other employees."

"We should see a vast change in horse-racing in this country," said Bernard, "if the wealthy owner who races purely for the sport, as distinct from the desire to make money, decides to give it up. It is highly probable that many of the old names associated with the Turf for generations will be found missing in the near future."

"Of course, it will all sort itself out in time, and so long as we are not too poverty-stricken we shall always have our beloved horse-racing, high taxation or no taxation," said Paddy. "It will only mean that it would have to be run on a lower scale with smaller prize-money, and so on. So long as we can breed horses we shall race 'em. Make no mistake about that."

"Yes, I think that is right," answered Bernard.

"The English thoroughbred is the best in the world, and there will always be a demand for it abroad."

The only fear is that some of the owners of the best blood may be inclined to part with more of the leading stallions than may be advisable, through shortage of money, but I don't think that will happen.

"The tendency is for syndicates to be formed to buy the best stallions and to keep them in this country," said the Guv'nor, "and that has only been brought about by high taxation. That is not a bad thing, if it means that the best will remain for our breeders."

"Have you noticed how so many of the famous old training establishments are changing hands?" asked Bernard.

"Yes," replied the Guv'nor, "I don't know whether we ought to feel pleased or sorry. You see, it doesn't matter a great deal if they are to be carried on as training establishments; that is, of course, providing the right people take them over."

"I must confess that I felt sorry when I heard that so famous a trainer as Atty Persse

had decided to give up training and is selling out.

"He stands out as one of our greatest trainers and his name will always be remembered so long as racing is talked about."

"Somehow, you cannot even mention Stockbridge without coupling the name of Atty Persse."

And you cannot speak of either," said Paddy, "without recalling The Tetrarch, Tetra-tema, Mr. Jinks, and dozens more of famous horses. Yes, indeed, I for one shall be sorry when my old friend says good-bye to Stockbridge. He would never have sold his place but for the fact that his son had been killed on active service."

"Still, I have no doubt that it will remain a flourishing training establishment," said Bernard. "The new owner is Mr. Hutchinson, the publisher, who is taking up racing in a big way. He is the owner of Happy Landing, which was well fancied to win last year's Derby, won by Lord Rosebery's Ocean Swell."

"I doubt if Atty Persse intends giving up training altogether," said Paddy. "Not if I know him, he won't. He is good for many years yet and may saddle a good many more classic winners. He has a promising youngster named Precipitic, which might be a possible Derby winner. He is bred well enough to win it. His sire is Precipitation, a Gold Cup winner, and the dam, Artistic, was by Gainsborough. You fellows remember the name PRECIPITIC, if you want a Derby longshot."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Gorblimey! A 7,000-mile round trip to get 'im a banana, and now 'e 'ates the ruddy taste!"

"Talking of the Derby," said the Guv'nor, "makes me wonder how long it will be before we shall see the race run again at Epsom. It certainly won't be run there this year, and I doubt if it will be at Epsom in 1946, though we cannot be too sure about that."

"It will take a long time to get the course and the stands in proper order and nothing can be done about it until the war is over."

"Even then, there will be many more important works to get priority for labour and materials, so we must be reconciled to seeing more substitute races than most of us expected."

"This war has already seen five substitute Derbys whereas the last war had only four of them, and of these Steve Donoghue won two. He won four Epsom Derbys after this and thus beat Fred Archer's long-standing record of four Derby wins."

"That cry of 'Come on, Steve,' shouted by thousands of people on the vast Epsom Downs,"

went on the Guv'nor, "certainly recalls happy memories." They can call it the Derby, or what they like, when the race is run at Newmarket, but it is never the same. That huge crowd at Epsom, with the carnival spirit infecting everyone, is something that cannot be reproduced anywhere else on earth. May we soon get back to it is my fervent wish."

"We all echo that sentiment," said Bernard, "and if we feel so strongly about it we can well imagine how the boys who are miles from home think. It is not so much that many of them will be longing to see the Derby at Epsom as the fact that what it stands for is symbolic of all that is worth living for and worth fighting to preserve."

"Yet, if some misguided cranks had their way, sport would be banished from the land and horse-racing would be declared illegal."

"Surely, you haven't forgotten how at the start of this war certain of our narrow-minded legislators wanted to shut down all form of racing. That would have been the thin end of the wedge, had it gone through, and it would have meant a hard fight to get things restored."

"In this respect, it is a pity that the public memory is so short. By the time the long-overdue General Election comes about the names of these kill-sports will have been largely forgotten, and there is a danger that they may again get voted into power."

"The trouble is," said the Guv'nor, "that you can very seldom get the sportsman to interest himself in politics. That is understandable up to a point, but it will have to be altered if we are to preserve what is left to us of our freedom to spend our leisure as we think fit."

"We might have to get Bernard to put up for Parliament yet," said Paddy. "We could attract big crowds to his meetings if we asked Gordon Richards, Steve Donoghue, and a few more of the boys to get on the platform and say a few words."

"Yes," that's a good idea," agreed the Guv'nor, "and if the few words in question consisted of giving the winner of the next big race, the meeting would be a great success."

"And I should not be laying the bets," added Bernard.

HOME TOWN FLASH

WELSH SOLOMONS.

IF you travel the Rhondda and other Welsh valleys you will be struck by the prevalence of Jewish surnames among many Welsh folk. What is the origin of them? English visitors have been asking the question.

The Biblical Jewish surnames, Solomon, Abraham (do you remember William Abraham, the noted miners' leader?), Moses, Isaac and Daniels, are all to be found in Welsh villages.

One explanation is that they were appropriated during the early religious revivals in the Principality.

**We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1**

Four Sit at Dinner and ONE MUST HANG

Concluding 'THE THEORY AND THE HOUND'

By O. HENRY

REEVES set bottles and glasses on the table.

"There's cognac," he said, "and anisada, and Scotch 'smoke,' and rye. Take your choice."

Bridger chose rye, Reeves poured three fingers of Scotch for himself, Morgan took the same. The sheriff, against much protestation, filled his glass from the water bottle.

"Here's to the appetite," said Reeves, raising his glass, "of Mr. Williams!" Morgan's laugh and his drink encircling sent him into a choking splutter. All began to pay attention to the dinner, which was well cooked and palatable.

"Williams!" called Plunkett, suddenly and sharply.

All looked up wonderingly. Reeves found the sheriff's mild eye resting upon him. He flushed a little.

"See here," he said, with some asperity, "my name's Reeves, and I don't want you too—" But the comedy of the thing came to his rescue, and he ended with a laugh.

"I suppose, Mr. Plunkett," said Reeves. "I got only 16 dollars a

thousand for my last shipment. Take me, Mr. Plunkett."

"I'll take Wade Williams," said the sheriff patiently, "or I'll come pretty close to it."

"It's like dining with a ghost," remarked Morgan, with a pretended shiver. "The ghost of a murderer, too! Will somebody pass the toothpicks to the shade of the naughty Mr. Williams?"

Plunkett seemed as unconcerned as if he were dining at his own table in Chatham County. He was a gallant trencherman, and the strange tropic viands tickled his palate.

Heavy, commonplace, almost slothful in his movements, he appeared to be devoid of all the cunning and watchfulness of the sleuth.

He even ceased to observe, with any sharpness or attempted discrimination, the two men, one of whom he had undertaken, with surprising self-confidence, to drag away upon the serious charge of wife-murder. Here, indeed, was a problem set before him that if wrongly solved would have amounted to his serious discomfiture, yet there he sat puzzling his soul (to all appearances) over the novel flavour of a broiled iguana cutlet.

The consul felt a decided discomfort. Reeves and Morgan were his friends and pals; yet the sheriff from Kentucky had a certain right to his official aid and moral support.

So Bridger sat the silentest around the board and tried to estimate the peculiar situation. His conclusion was that both Reeves

and Morgan, quickwitted, as he

loyally to protect his comrade knew them to be, had conceived at against the doom that threatened

the moment of Plunkett's disclosure of his mission—and in the brief space of a lightning flash—the idea that the other might be the guilty Williams; and that each of them had decided in that moment

When the meal was concluded

This was the consul's theory, and if he had been a bookmaker at a race of wits for life and liberty he would have offered heavy odds against the plodding sheriff from Chatham County, Kentucky.

When the meal was concluded

the Carib woman came and removed the dishes and cloth. Reeves strewed the table with excellent cigars, and Plunkett, with the others, lighted one of these with evident gratification.

"I may be dull," said Morgan, with a grin and a wink at Bridger; "but I want to know if I am. Now, I say this is all a joke of Mr. Plunkett's, concocted to frighten two babes-in-the-woods. Is this Williamson to be taken seriously or not?"

"Williams," corrected Plunkett gravely. "I never got off any

(Continued on Page 3)

JOKE CORNER



"Lumme—somebody took that letter I wrote to the War Office seriously, Joe!"

QUIZ for today

1. A tical is a Siamese coin, hair wave, insect, oil-can, small spring?
2. What is the difference between (a) a pantile and (b) a pantable?
3. What sort of man would you call a Uriah Heep?
4. In the Language of Flowers, for what does a scarlet geranium stand?

5. What is a Cock Robin Shop?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Unto, Beside, Into, Beneath, Onto, Below.

Answers to Quiz in No. 599

1. Rare metal.
2. Thickback is a fish; thick-knee is a bird.
3. Philip II of Spain.
4. Penitent, Dysmas; impenitent, Gestas.
5. Put it in a hutch; it is a variety of rabbit.
6. Tautology is a repetition; others are sciences.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



THE three little Dorset villages of Bradford Peverell, Stratton and Grimstone have, by a wonderful effort of self-denial, provided more than 400 garments, 82 tins of food, and a quantity of other commodities, chocolate, and many medical comforts, for the liberated Dutch people.

A few months ago the villagers began to form a "cache" of food and clothing for the benefit of the suffering people of Europe.

Some gave up their sweet ration of chocolate, others contributed tins of foodstuffs, tea, and other rationed goods. Rich and poor made real sacrifices to build up the store.

Recently, moved by the plight of the Dutch people, the subscribers spontaneously decided to send the accumulated stock of food and clothing to the London Committee of the Netherlands Red Cross Society.

They have now received a cordial letter of thanks from the secretary of the committee, who says: "The expression of your feelings of friendship and sympathy for our suffering population is greatly valued."



ONE family at Cornwood, South Devon, has celebrated five golden weddings in the course of the past thirty years.

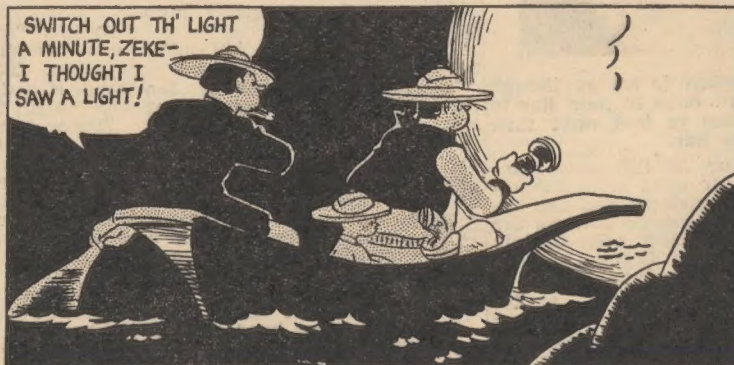
The record started early in the last war when Mr. and Mrs. W. Roberts attained their fiftieth anniversary. Their son, Mr. W. Roberts, now 85, of Plympton St. Maurice, celebrated his golden wedding ten years ago, and two years later there was another family "beano" for the eldest daughter, Mrs. T. H. Newman. In 1943 the youngest daughter, Mrs. H. Hyatt, and her husband reached the same milestone, and just recently the second daughter, Mrs. W. Horton, completed the family record.

The Hortons decorated their golden wedding cake with the original ornaments from their cake fifty years ago.

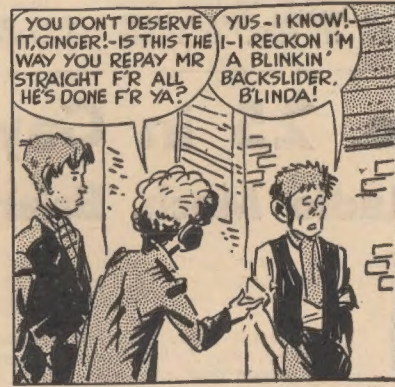


A TRUE musician is the man who puts his ear to the keyhole when he hears a lady singing in the bath.

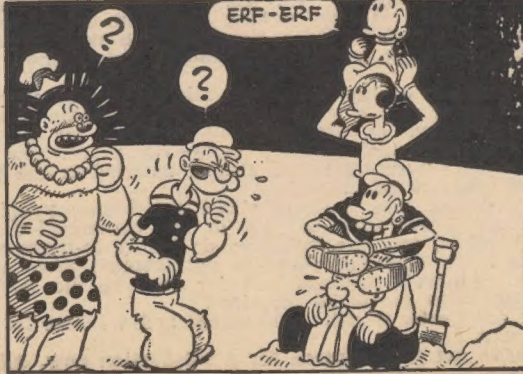
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—539

1. Make 5 words out of the following letters, using all for each word: E, A, S, P, R.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Ta signeb mohe thyaric.
3. In the following, the two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Take this novel to bed and have a nice —, —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 538

1. MATHEMATICS.
2. FILM, fill, fall, fail, sail, soil, soul, sour, spur, spar, STAR. Door, moor, moot, most, cost, east, case, came, lame, lamb, JAMB.
3. Galway.

JANE



"The Theory and the Hound"

(Continued from Page 2) jokes in my life. I know I wouldn't travel 2,000 miles to get off a poor one as this would be if I didn't take Wade Williams back with me. Gentlemen!" continued the sheriff, now letting his mild eyes travel impartially from one of the company to another, "see if you can find any joke in this case. Wade Williams is listening to the words I utter now; but out of politeness I will speak of him as a third person. For five years he made his wife lead the life of a dog—No; I'll take that back. No dog in Kentucky was ever treated as she was. He spent the money that she brought him—spent it at races, at the card-table and on horses and hunting.

He was a good fellow to his friends, but a cold, sullen demon at home. He wound up the five years of neglect by striking her with his closed hand—a hand as hard as a stone—when she was ill and weak from suffering.

"She died the next day; and he

skipped. That's all there is to it, and the carefulness in their actions. It's enough. I never saw Williams; and words. "Good old fellows," but I knew his wife. I'm not a man he said to himself; "they're both to tell half. She and I were keeping all right. Each of 'em is standing company when she met him. She went to Louisville on a visit and church."

And then a dog walked into the room where they sat—a black-and-tan hound, long-eared, lazy, confident of welcome. Plunkett turned his head and looked at the animal, which halted, confidently, within a few feet of his chair. Suddenly the sheriff, with a deep-mouthed oath, left his seat and bestowed upon the dog a vicious and heavy kick with his ponderous shoe.

The hound, heart-broken, astonished, with flapping ears and incurved tail, uttered a piercing yelp of pain and surprise. Reeves and the consul remained in their chairs, saying nothing, but astonished at the unexpected show of intolerance from the easy-going man from Chatham County.

But Morgan, with a sudden purpling face, leaped to his feet

and raised a threatening arm above the guest. "You—brute," he shouted, passionately; "why did you do that?" Quickly the amenities returned, Plunkett muttered some indistinct apology and regained his seat. Morgan with a decided effort controlled his indignation and also returned to his chair.

And then Plunkett with the spring of a tiger, leaped around the corner of the table and snapped handcuffs on the paralysed Morgan's wrists.

"Hound-lover and woman-killer!" he cried; "get ready to meet your God."

When Bridger had finished I asked him:

"Did he get the right man?" "He did," said the consul.

"And how did he know?" I inquired, being in a kind of bewilderment. "When he put Morgan in the dory," answered Bridger, "the next day to take him aboard the 'Pajaro,' this man Plunkett stopped to shake hands with me, and I asked him the same question. "Mr. Bridger," said he, "I'm a Kentuckian and I've seen a great deal of both men and animals. And I never yet saw a man that was overfond of horses and dogs but what was cruel to women."

THE END.

When woman was created from Adam's rib she looked simply wonderful. But Adam cried, "How it hurts!"

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
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33						34		
35					36			

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Striking position.
- 6 Wool
- 10 Outdoor game.
- 11 Tidily.
- 12 Dried fruit.
- 13 Click.
- 14 Rim.
- 15 Apprehension.
- 17 Row.
- 18 Language.
- 21 Looks after.
- 24 Abuse.
- 26 Tiara.
- 28 Health resort.
- 30 Poem.
- 31 Communication.
- 33 Joined.
- 34 Deal.
- 35 Goes slow.
- 36 Frickle.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Expanse.
- 2 Reptile.
- 3 Settle.
- 4 Nuzzle.
- 5 Boredom.
- 6 Ne'er-do-well.
- 7 Spirit-lamp.
- 8 In layers.
- 9 Do office work.
- 16 Dainty.
- 17 After that.
- 19 Perfect state.
- 20 Earthenware.
- 22 Wise old man.
- 23 Grassy expanse.
- 25 African grassland.
- 26 Battery unit.
- 27 Circle.
- 29 S. American labourer.
- 32 Number.

CHARLES COOT ORAL
FARE WAGGED
OLD ROD EAR
SLOVENLY DO
T NAG IAN W
EM TURNKEYS
ROW LIE TOE
STREAM STUD
HART BOER
PRETEND

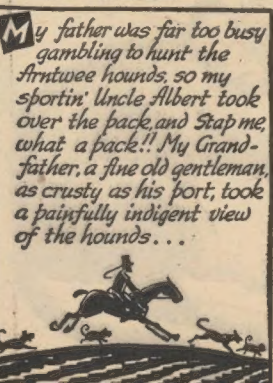
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Watch the Sharpers Says Gordon Rich

"THINGS are a bit slow, lads; let's have a game o' cards." You've often heard that, haven't you? "Let's get the cards out..." Is there anything wrong about that? No, not at all... unless the cards are already stacked against you!

There are, among the millions in these islands, a few slick-fingered gents who, though doubtless very well-meaning, just never seem to be able to lose when they play cards.

How is it done? War or no war, there will always be a gang of skunks who live by card-sharping.

There's a neat dodge which was responsible for getting two men sent up for long terms of imprisonment at London's Old Bailey. Two confederates had got two "mugs" to make up a game; but in order to allay suspicion they started telling the tale over a round of drinks before cards were produced.

When it was the first card-sharper's turn to deal, he said the light made his eyes tired, so he put on his glasses, took a final swig at his beer, and dealt out the cards. From then on the card-sharpers won alternate games, until one of the unfortunate chaps playing had lost £4 10s.—the whole of his week's wages! The man who had not lost so much was suspicious, and said they ought to call in at the police station on the way home.

The C.I.D. man accompanied them back to the pub, where, by this time, the tricksters had found two more mugs to make up a game. For five minutes the C.I.D. man stood by the bar, watching the game. Then there were two loud clicks as the cuffs were snapped on to the wrists of the card-sharpers—and that was that.

How was it done? As the trickster finished his beer before dealing he let a little of the liquid get on his hand and trickle down his little finger until it fell with a plop on the dark, shiny surface of the table.

The spectacles he wore were not ordinary lenses, but powerful magnifying glasses. Looking through these, the little spot of liquid on the table acted as a mirror, clearly showing the faces of the cards as he dealt them out.

This is a good trick, because if anybody gets suspicious the spot of liquor can be wiped off the table with a movement of the arm, and nobody is any the wiser. Always be cautious of strangers who get you involved in a card game on a Saturday night. It's too near pay-day.

Be cautious of strangers who wear gloves continually and only take them off to play cards. It is almost sure to be a crooked game, for many of these gentry are literally "light-fingered," and the soft pads on their fingers are of very soft skin, so that if they handle the cards they can feel the almost microscopic marks enabling them to read the cards.

Good Morning

MOTHER'S
DAY IS NEVER
DONE!

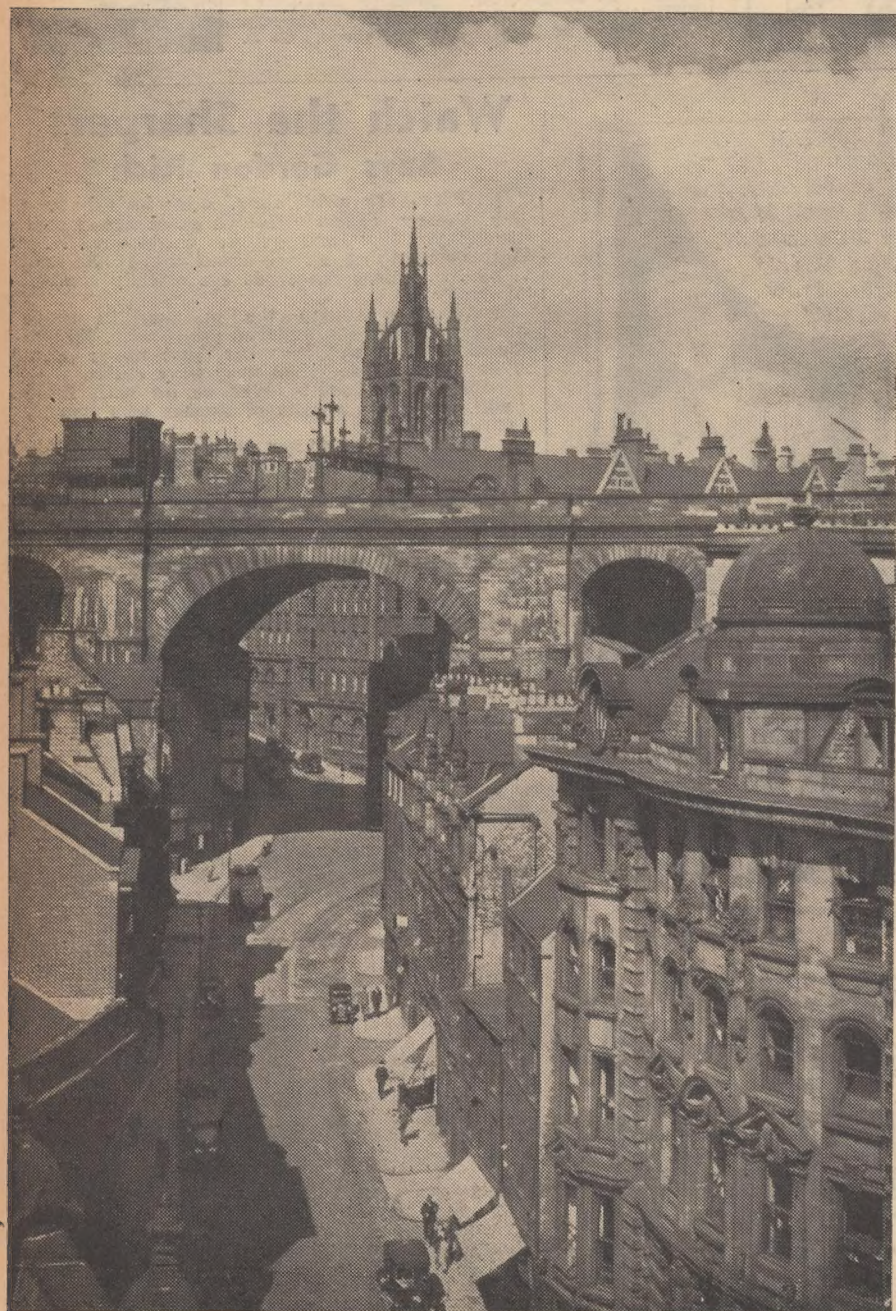


Well, L./Ck. Fred Brown, we hope you like this picture of young Diane putting her dollies to bed. "Fuse" Wilson, the cameraman who took it, thinks it one of the best child-studies he's made. And that's not flannel!



"Of course, I told them, I can go seven days without water! But (I muttered meaningly from the corner of my mouth) I do like a small Scotch occasionally. And this is what they served me up!"

THIS ENGLAND. Calling all Geordies! No prizes offered for guessing where this picture was taken. Of course, it's the Tyne Bridge, looking down The Side. And, of course, the Lantern Tower is that of St. Nicholas' Cathedral.



There's many a pure heart beats beneath a sable cloak, we've been told. But this is something else again—this goes straight to our heart. So we're starting a collection to present the poor thing with a set of warm winter woollies. Any contribution gratefully received.



This is the dolly with the hole in her stocking, whose knees keep a-knocking, and whose toes keep a-rocking—and we would certainly like to dance with Warner Bros.' Joan McCracken by the light of the moon. Everybody happy?

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Let's sleep this one out."

